

Poor Robin's Prophecie ; or, The merry Conceited Fortune-teller.

Although the Poet makes no large Apology
Some insight he may have into Astrology,
Then buy this Song, and give your Judgement of it,
Tune of, The Delights of the Bottle, &c.

And then perhaps you'll say he's a Small Prophet,
For he can tell when things will come to pass,
That you will say is strange as ever was.
With Allowance, No. 1. Strange.



All you that delight to hear a new song,
Or to see the world turn'd topsy-turvy ere long,
Come give good attention unto these my Rhymes,
And never complain of the hardness of times,
For all will be mended, by this you may find,
And Golden days come, when the Devil is blind.

And first for the Shopkeeper, this I can tell,
That after long trusting, all things will be well,
The Gallant will pay him, what ever's his due,
And make him rejoice when he finds it is true :
False weights, & false measures, he then will not mind,
But honest will prove, when the Devil is blind.

The Country-Client that comes up to Term,
Whate'er from this Subject, good news he may learn,
A benefit which he shall never more lose,



For Lawyers hereafter will plead without fees :
You shall have Law freely, if you be inclin'd,
Without any charge, when the Devil is blind.

The Usurer, open his Coffers will throw,
And break all his Locks, both above and below,
He'll burn all his Parchments, and cancel his Bonds,
And freely return all his pawned Lands ;
Young heirs will be glad for to see them so kind,
But that will not be, till the Devil is blind.

The Learned Physician who valued his wealth,
Will now be more chary of all peoples health,
And make it his business howe'er he doth thrive,
To puzzle his brains for to keep men alive :
For Mountebank Bills in the Streets you shall find,
For they'll keep in their lies, when the Devil is blind.

**Pour Lady of pleasure that us'd to rant,
And Coock it about with her lusty Gallant,
Will then become modest, and find a new way
To lye like a Nun in a Cloyster all day.
Her Pride, and her painting, she never will mind,
But seem like a Saint, when the Devil is blind.**

**Yea the Bullies themselves that did use to roze,
And spent great estates in good wine, and a W ———
Shall leave of their gaming, and fairly take up,
And scarcely will tast of the Grape half a Cup,
But leave good Canary, and Claret behind,
Small Tipple to Drink, when the Devil is blind.**

**The Perks and the Peddars, who used to prey,
And venture abroad for no purchase no pay,
Shall work for their livings, and find a new trade,
And never more travel like Knights of the Blade;
Let Newgate stand empty, and then you will see,
All this will prove true, when the Devil is blind.**

**All Tradesmen will strive for to help one another,
And friendly will be, like to Brother and Brother,
And keep up their prices that money may hold,
Their charge to maintain, and to pay what they owe;
Then two of a trade shall agree, if you mind,
And all will be well, when the Devil is blind.**

**The Tapsters no more shall their Tickers froth,
For Coffee men blind us with their Pinny broth;
Full measures of liquor shall pass through the Land;
And men without money the same shall command;
You'll say 'tis a wonder when this you do find,
And that you will sure when the Devil is blind.**

**Not onely the City shall find this welfare,
But throughout the country the same they shall have,
No cheating and couzening tricks shall be us'd,
For by such deceit we have all been abus'd; (din'd,
Those men that of late with Duke Humphrey have
With plenty shall show, when the Devil is blind.**

**Then let us be merry and frolick again,
Since the golden world is returning again,
We shall be all Gallants as sure as a Gun,
When this work is finish't that's hardly begun
Then Poets in both Pockets Guineys shall find,
And purchase estates when the Devil is blind.**

J. F I N I S.

Printed for F. Cole T. Vers, J. Wright, and J. Clarke

